THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. II.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, August* 9, 1806. [No. 31.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Port Folio.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 174.

"If she inquire the names of conquer'd kings,
Of mountains, rivers, and their hidden springs;
Answer to all thou know'st; and if need be,
Of things unknown, seem to speak knowingly:
This is Euphrates crown'd with reeds, and there
Flows the swift Tigris with his sea-green hair.
Invent new names of things unknown before,
Call this Armenia, that the Caspian shore:
Call this a Mede, and that a Parthian youth,
Talk probably—no matter for the truth."
DRYDEN.

DEAR SAUNTER,

OVID'S lesson is not yet forgotten. Could his shade revisit for a moment our queer planet, he would find more than one pupil practising his precepts.—Whether they succeed among the ladies as well as their predecessor is a question which gallantry forbids me to discuss.

What recalled to my mind the lines which are prefixed to this paper, was a visit I lately made to a gentleman whose wealth and taste have enabled him to collect a number of fine pictures. Mr. Smatter was of the party, and amused me by the accounts he gave his mistress of the various paintings in the collection—Reubens, Titian, Guido and Rafaelle, filled his mouth with declamation and his fair auditor with amazement at his judicious and acute remarks; he modestly replied to some of her compliments that "a man who had seen all the famous paintings and statues in Europe, could not avoid picking up some little knowledge and taste in the fine arts."

Our beau proved to be as well versed in politics as in painting.—Miranda's schemes he knew from a source of unquestionable authenticity, and he saw as plainly as most folk into the views of the Spanish court. Music was his forte.—Too polite to censure the ladies at the piano; he confessed that Sinfonia's voice was powerful, but that one false note would mar the finest harmony.—Poetry he sometimes quoted, and even confessed himself an occasional scribbler. In a word, the agreeable coxcomb was ignorant of nothing. Miss Sylvia was flattered by the attention of so *fashionable a philosopher*, and I am since informed has promised him her hand. I am afraid, when some six-weeks of wedlock have worn off the gloss from his matrimonial livery, she will find Smatter "a good sort of a man," who scarcely knows a print from a painting,—whose ears can hardly distinguish discord from harmony,—and whose knowledge of Belles Lettres is certainly improved since a lady convinced him that Shakspeare is not a translation from the French.

As your predecessor the Spectator*

* No. 602.

has honorably noticed a mode of courtship very similar to that of which I have attempted a sketch, you may perhaps be induced to recommend the plan, with such improvements as you may think proper, to your juvenile correspondents; particularly since the spirit of the times appears so opposed to flattery, that my Lord Chesterfield retains no advocate. As the doctrine of the Old School seems sinking into neglect, possibly you may have liberality enough to adopt the new plan.

I remain, dear Saunter,
Your old and assured friend,
DECIUS.

For the Port Folio.

BIOGRAPHY.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF CUMBERLAND.

The literary world have lately been gratified by a work of much merit, entitled, "Memoirs of Richard Cumberland," written by himself. It is not the intention of the present writer to satisfy curiosity with regard to this publication, but merely by a sketch of the life and writings of the man, to incite to an examination of the work itself: and whether the object of the reader be entertainment or instruction, he will be amply gratified.

The family of Cumberland was antient and respectable, among whom he could reckon Bishop Cumberland, and the famous critic and classical scholar Bentley.

Cumberland was born in the year 1732, at Cambridge. His infancy was not distinguished by any remarkable trait of genius, but the boy soon began to evince what the man would be. He was put to school to Kinsman, then highly esteemed as a teacher and a man of literature. Kinsman soon observed uncommon talents in his pupil, and by a well timed reprimand for his negligence of the duties of the school, excited in his bosom those sparks of emulation which were soon to be kindled into a flame, that led him to surpass all his companions, both in the number and difficulty of his attainments. From this school he was removed to Westminster, and shortly after became a member of Trinity College, Cambridge, in his fourteenth year. The two first years at the University he was suffered to spend as inclination or fancy suggested, being almost entirely neglected by his professors. The study of the ancient classics was his darling passion, and to this he now gave himself up without restraint. However, he did not remain long unnoticed, but by the display of his acquisitions attracted the attention of the professors, and from that time he went on daily adding to his stock of information, and constantly receiving new rewards and honors.

From this envied situation he was called to be private secretary to Lord Halifax, a station which he long occupied with little advantage, and without hopes of promotion. But his time was not altogether taken up by the duties of his office, he could yet attend to his favourite pursuits, and had the happiness to form some valuable acquaintance, among the number of which was Doddington, a man of many accomplishments, possessing genuine politeness, and adding to these attractions a perfect knowledge of ancient and modern literature.

About this time Cumberland commenced author: his first production was a drama entitled the "Banishment of Cicero," which, though it never has appeared on the stage, seems to have possessed merit enough to charm in the closet, and clearly to evince his genius for this species of writing, and indicate his future success. As his character as an author will be considered at large in the sequel, this work is merely mentioned here as the first which he gave to the public.

He now paid frequent visits to his father, who resided in Ireland, and being disappointed in his hopes of promotion under the patronage of Halifax, who unaccountably treated him with entire neglect, began to conceive more serious ideas of writing for the public, and particularly for the stage. The knowledge he obtained of the Irish character while resident among them has been well displayed in many of the per-

sonages of his dramas, especially in that of O'Flaherty in the "West Indian."

The play of the West Indian introduced our author to the notice and regard of Garrick, and many of the other worthies of the day, among whom were Sir Joshua Reynolds, Burke, Jenyns, Foote, Goldsmith, Johnson and others.

Shortly after the period of which we now speak died the Earl of Halifax, and in his successor, Lord Germain, Cumberland found a patron and a friend, and one who continued his kind offices while life remained.

At this time the acceptance of a commission under government carried him into Spain. The object of this commission was unsuccessful, and it may perhaps be attributed to this circumstance that his laborious services were suffered to go unrewarded. But though his pecuniary affairs were thus shamefully neglected, and the money expended from his private purse but partially reimbursed by government, still he reaped no inconsiderable advantage from his mission. It was during his stay in Spain, from the opportunity he had of viewing the vast collection of paintings in the Escurial, and from information obtained in conversation with men of talents and character, that he first conceived the idea of writing his "Anecdotes of eminent Painters in Spain."

After being recalled to his country, and dismissed from office, his leisure afforded him sufficient opportunity to devote himself to literary pursuits, a passion which he still cherished with unabated ardour.

Though unsuccessful in his public capacity, in his private relations he was blessed with much happiness, and in the company of an amiable woman, surrounded by promising children, his chagrin and disappointment was of short continuance, and here he enjoyed those comforts so rarely afforded in public life.

Cumberland must now be considered in that light in which he attracts most regard, as an author; and in this view he may be regarded as equal to, and even excelling, the greatest of his contemporaries, whether as a poet, an essayist, a novelist, or as a miscellaneous writer.

He may be considered as an epic and as a dramatic poet.

As an epic poet his fame depends upon his "Calvary, or the Death of Christ." Though for this the laurel wreath has not yet been awarded him, and though the critics have hesitated in deciding upon its merits, yet he undoubtedly deserves the first, and will obtain the unqualified praises of the latter, when the public opinion, to whose answers and applauses they too frequently conform their own, shall be more thoroughly established and generally known. The versification of this poem resembles that of Paradise Lost; and if he has never happily equalled the sublime flights of Milton, neither has he descended so low, but maintains throughout a certain equability, which, though it may not astonish, never fails to charm.

But whatever may be his merits as an epic, certainly as a dramatic poet he holds a first rank, and some of his compositions in this line stand unrivalled; his "West-Indian," as a single piece, has perhaps met as great applause on the stage, and as high commendations in the closet, as any which the art has ever produced. He has not only excelled in the superiority, but in the number of his dramas, many of which remain yet unpublished. It will be useless and almost impossible in this short sketch to notice them all, but among those which are known to the literary world, which find a place in the library of the gentleman and the scholar, and which maintain, and will continue to maintain their character on the stage, are The Brothers, Battle of Hexam, Jew, Carmelite, Natural Son, First Love, Wheel of Fortune, &c. &c. These are only some of the principal ones, others yet remain of equal merit, but so well known to the polite reader, that mention of them is unnecessary; neither do I wish to detain the attention by remarks on these; suffice it to say, whether we consider the morality of the design, the propriety of the plot, the true representation of cha-

racter, or the execution in general, they must be ever esteemed elegant compositions, and choice entertainments for the lover of the stage.

Having considered Cumberland as a poet, and in that character excelling in two of the highest species of his art, we now proceed to view him as a prose writer, in which light he presents himself as a novelist, essayist, and biographer.

He is known as a novelist by his "Arundel," and "Henry." Of the first neither much can be said in praise, nor to its discredit. If it has afforded amusement, without injuring the cause of morality, it appears to have answered the intention of the author, who candidly confesses he bestowed little care or pains upon it. It however possesses considerable merit, and is far before the similar productions of the day: he who reads it will not regret the time so spent. His Henry is perhaps little inferior to the first novels of that class, and will rank next after the admirable productions of Fielding and Smollett. He had Tom Jones for his model, and how near he has approached, how far he has equalled, and in what respects he has excelled his original, will be best seen by a perusal of the work itself. If care and attention to the polishing and correction of a work for two years, by an acknowledged master of fine writing, be any recommendation, this surely deserves it. Cumberland himself declares that he laboured more in the finishing and perfecting of this, than of any of his numerous works yet published. It may be added that the characters of Zachary Cawdle and Ezekiel Daw are truly original.

As an essayist the character of our author is well established, and his "Observer" may challenge the admiration of the lovers of Steele and Addison.—The style is easy and equal throughout, and the review of the literary age of Greece, and the Athenian stage, will be read, while a taste for elegant writing and correct criticism remains among us. These essays are incorporated into the late edition of the "British Essayists" by Chalmers, and must be considered a valuable addition, as they are in point of style a medium between the elegant though laboured speculations of Addison, the profound though turgid ones of Johnson.

As a Biographer he is entitled to much praise, and that of a peculiar nature, not only of having written well the lives of others, but of having given a correct, and according to circumstances an impartial account of his own life. He appears as the biographer of others in his "Anecdotes of Eminent Painters in Spain." In this work there is much original matter, a fund of entertainment, and to the curious abundant information. Perhaps the work may not be generally read, because the characters are unknown, or that few desire to know them; but he who reads it will be grateful to the writer, and will not be contented with a single perusal.

He is to be considered also as his own biographer; a task indeed difficult, but which he has executed with seeming fidelity. From the age in which he has lived, the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed, and his extensive acquaintance among the worthies of his day, he has been enabled to convey many anecdotes, and much information which could scarcely be known to any but himself. The work is now before the public, and although criticism might find room for exercise, yet it deserves so much praise as a whole, that it would be petulant to censure particular parts.

In all the various views in which I have presented our author he has appeared as an original writer; one word of him as a Translator. He has so justly preserved the spirit of Aristophanes in his translation of the celebrated comedy of the "Clouds," that it has been the universal opinion among the British Critics, that none was so capable of giving a complete version of the works of the Grecian Dramatist, and the desire that he would undertake it has been frequently suggested to him, by men of the first talents in England.

This worthy man and distinguished author has arrived at that age when exertion must soon be over; indeed it seems now to be his intention to correct and prepare for the press the nu-

merous works which he has written, that yet remain unpublished, rather than to produce new ones; and when they shall be added to those already before the public, we may truly say that seldom has one man appeared, whose writings have been so numerous, that has written so well.

For the Port Folio.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The attention of the lovers of poetry has been recently attracted by an ode to the river Sampit and several other fugitive pieces published in our late numbers. These brilliant wild flowers of our own wilderness deserve transplanting; and we are happy to understand that Mr. J. Osborn, a very respectable bookseller at New-York, proposes to publish a volume of poems by the late William M. Johnson, with some account of the author's life.

Our respect for the Editor of this work, and our conviction of the talents of the poet of whose posthumous lays he is the guardian, create an anxious wish that Mr. Osborn be encouraged in the publication, and that the shade of the departed bard may hover delighted over his protected fame,

that *second life* in other's breath,
The estate, which wits inherit—*after death*

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

Mr. Oldschool,

If I appear to have abused the leisure, of which, in the last letter I had the honour of addressing to you, I acknowledged the restoration, and gave you some reason to reckon upon the fruit, I must intreat you to consider, for a moment, some recent *public events*, well calculated to engage the attention of one, who, like myself, is willing, in the gossip of the town, to cheat away hours of anxiety, wearisome expectation and *hope deferred;* well calculated, I might add, if not to occupy, to appal and benumb the faculties of any man, and more especially, of a stranger in your city, like myself.

Sir, engaged and diverted, as it is natural to suppose you, by the pleasures and the cares of letters, still you cannot so soon have forgot, that we had but breathed again, after the *scaring* we received from the Newton-prophet, when we were overwhelmed with apprehensions, concerning the Total Eclipse and an earthquake and a volcanic explosion! Well sir, the infant-seer had been misunderstood by the midwife and the nurse, a circumstance not so very extraordinary, since it lisped its prophecies at *three days old:* it said, we must conclude, that the world would be at an end with itself, on the day reported; and not, that the world itself would be at an end. Be this as it may, the prophet, we heard, died, and the world, alas! remained, to abide the terrors of the eclipse. We forgot, that to eclipse is not to extinguish; and had to learn, that the sun would continue to shine, in spite of all the moons in the universe, and—all the moon-struck. But, total darkness was not the worst object of our fears. We expected to be swallowed up by an earthquake in *Calabria*, or buried beneath the lava of *Vesuvius*. Even here, however, we have been disappointed; and now (I am sorry for how possibly short a season!) we might have allowed ourselves a little peace, but that a new affliction has visited us, under which, with their nine lives, our very cats *faint away!*

You are well aware, Mr. Oldschool, that I allude to the *worms*, or caterpillars, which, as it is said, threaten, from every Lombardy-poplar tree, the lives of your fellow-citizens. Without ridiculing notions that have their reasonable basis in the natural properties of things, and which, whether true or false, deserve attention, I may be allowed to smile at cats, who *faint away*, and at ladies, *whose arms swell on being merely grazed by a caterpillar, in its fall.* For the rest, I shall submit two remarks; the first, that the number of caterpillars, of whatever kind, is inconceivably great in the poplar-trees of this city, though not more so than I have commonly observed in vegetables that grow among houses, and in confined situations; a phenomenon which must be attributed to the superior heat of the atmosphere, and to the want of those salutary gusts of wind which are enjoyed in more exposed situations: secondly, it ought to be remembered, that though a *venomous caterpillar* (for it has been shown and described to me a *caterpillar*) is what may, without great violence, be supposed; yet, hitherto, that whole class of insects, destructive as it is to the vegetable world, has been found to be perfectly harmless to the animal.—I shall risk even a third observation, that, as far as I can recollect, there is no previous instance of a venomous animal, the food of which is vegetable. That highly corrosive acid, which we call a *virus*, appears to be invariably the product of animal combination. It is curious too, that the poison of this caterpillar, from its causing a cat to *faint away*, though we are not informed of any such consequence in *the lady*, must be understood to act upon the nervous system.

But, while I am adventuring into physics, I ought to be describing to you the paralysing effects of this new panic on our correspondence. I ought to tell you with what caution I shun the shade of a Lombardy-poplar, this Bohan-Upas at our doors, this tree of Philadelphia, the bite of whose insects is more to be dreaded than the scent of the flowers of that of Helicon; for the latter can be dangerous only to those aspiring geniuses who climb *old poetic mountains*, while the latter 'might spoil, God knows, the least poetic brains!'

Est etiam in magnis Heliconis montibus arbos,
Flores odore hominem tetro consueta necare.

Above all, I ought to tell you, from what cause, amid the alternate languors of ninety-five degrees of Farenheit, and alarms of prophecies, eclipses, earthquakes, burning lava and caterpillars, I break, at length, the silence in which I have persevered, and become a candidate, for a place—*in the Port Folio.*

In one of your periodical publications (of the north, or of the south, no matter) I observe an attempt to convict, of *insufferable vanity*, the author of the Pursuits of Literature. That vanity is really a foible of this author's, I, for one, am not disposed to deny; but, because it is usual with mankind to praise or condemn without discrimination, I apprehend that it may be useful to meet this charge with some display of those virtues by which the imputed vanity is counterbalanced. Without such an interference, on the part of the friends and admirers of the satirist, the cry of vanity may be so successfully raised against him, as to bring the whole of his labours into contempt. To the impulse of this sentiment you are to ascribe my present writing.

I confess, sir, that, had it been my part to adduce proofs of vanity, in the author of the Pursuits of Literature, the work abounds with passages on which I should have placed more reliance than on several of those selected by the critic to whom I reply: and though, on the one hand, since I admit the fact, it might appear of no importance to dispute the evidence; on the other, the contrary is obvious: for, we ought to distinguish between what is, and what is not vanity, and avoid confounding two things so different in their nature, as vanity and an honourable self-confidence.

I do not refer it to vanity, that an author asserts the justice of his sentiments, and the high character of his cause: these are points on which he ought to entertain the most intimate conviction, and which he may fairly and usefully press upon his reader: but, I do ascribe it to vanity, when the talents he has employed in his book, or the talents he has left unemployed, become the topics of his pen.—Consistently with these opinions, I cannot regard it as the consequence of vanity, that the author of the Pursuits of Literature, in his Introductory Letter, as quoted by his accusers, has said, 'I am indeed confident, that, when all the personal objects of my praise or censure shall have passed from the scene, this work will be found to contain *principles* of government, polity, religion, morality, education, criticism, poetry, and literature, worthy of being transmitted to another age;' and, still less, that he has thus concluded the Preface to the Second Dialogue: 'I offer this continuation of the poem to my readers, not without the spirit of a writer who has endeavoured well. I will also, upon reflection, add the words of a man, not to be named on such an occasion, "I do not "look to be asked wherefore I wrote this "book; it being no difficulty to answer, "that I did it to those ends which the best "men propose to themselves when they "write."—Is it possible, Mr. Oldschool, amid all the *cant of this canting world*, amid even that *cant of humility* which, in some parts, infects our time, and threatens the loss of every thing that elevates the human character; is it possible, that we are to be taught to be so humble as not to emulate *those ends which the best men propose to themselves?*

It is uncandid to found a charge of vanity on the expressions, 'Privacy is my lot. Be it so; it is the soil in which *learning and reflection* strike the deepest.' To say, that privacy is a good soil, is not the same thing as to say, that every private man is a flourishing plant. Very far too, is the following from vanity; it is something better: 'I deliver it [his work] as a literary manifesto to this kingdom, in a season unpropitious to learning or to poetry, in a day of darkness and of thick gloominess, and in an hour of turbulence, of terror, and of uncertainty.'

Another passage, occurring in the same preface, is also produced, as being fraught with vanity: 'I profess myself convinced, and therefore I have written. I entered the sanctuary of the Hebrews, and I heard the voice of their prophet: *Credidi, propter quod locutus sum:* this was the voice which I heard; and it was a voice, as Milton would express it, *thundering out of Sion.* Under this persuasion and conviction, I will say of this work, there is in it but one hand, and one intention. It will be idle to conjecture concerning the author, and more than foolish to be *very* inquisitive. To my adversaries, I have nothing to reply. I never will reply. I could, with the most perfect charity, sing a requiem over their deceased criticisms, if I were master of what Statius calls the *Exequiale sacrum,*

'*carmenque minoribus umbris utile.** Those 'whom I wished to please, I have pleased. 'If I have diffused any light, it is from a 'single orb, whether temperate in the ho-'rizon, or blazing in the meridian. If I 'culminate at all, it is from the equator.'

In all the former part of this passage, I discover no vanity; but, in the conclusion, that petty anxiety, upon a certain point, is betrayed, the reiteration of which is so conspicuous thoughout the notes and prefaces: 'If I have diffused any light, it is from a *single orb*.' It would be tedious to inquire, how often, or in how many different shapes, this proposition is repeated. It is scarcely too much to say, that there is not a single truth concerning the establishment of which the author appears more eager, or in the assertion of which he employs more elaborate language. No further off than in the preceding page, not twenty lines above, we have the following impressive asseverations: 'My *poem*, and *all*, and *each*, of the *notes* to 'it, were written without any co-operation 'whatever. I expect the fullest assent and 'credit to this my solemn assertion. I ex-'pect it, because I speak the truth.'

I call this a petty anxiety; a paltry jealousy of literary fame; a solicitude for the glory rather than the success of the undertaking: that good is to be done, is a consideration that appears to engross the author less than his own claim to the doing it. He is not so much concerned to have it said, *it is done*, as that *he did it*. This is a mean sentiment; it is a natural one enough; but the author should have kept it to himself. The best apology, for taking much trouble to have it believed that that there is in the work *but one hand*, must be the wish to inculcate the persuasion that there is in it but *one intention*; the worst defence, is that set up by the author, in his final note: 'If I 'sought personal fame, my motive is still 'more visionary. No man can account for it. 'He that loved fame best, said of it, *Just 'what you hear, you have*. I am wholly un-'known.' Was the author of the Pursuits of Literature deaf to his fame? Did nothing reach him, in 'the loopholes of retreat?' Had he no friend; no friend, in whose eyes he could read his triumphs? Did he read them in no book? It is absurd to say, that no man could account for his conduct, if he *sought personal fame*. He might not be insensible to its solitary enjoyment; he was accustomed to the pleasures to be enjoyed in solitude; and, is self-contemplation, is self-complacency, not in the list of those pleasures? To make an end of so needless an argument, let me ask, if the anticipation of posthumous fame be also an unaccountable motive? It is seldom safe to speak of ourselves, at all. He that begins with telling us that he is not an egotist, commonly ends by convincing that he is. What pity, that this author could not feel a little of that lofty indifference which he so liberally attributes to 'persons of higher minds and 'of more exalted principles, who have the 'spirit to understand, and the patience to 'consider, the nature and the labour of *his* 'work!'

'*Such persons will be satisfied, if the great cause of mankind, of regulated society, of religion, of government and of good manners, is attempted to be maintained with strength and with the application of learning. To them it is a matter of very little, or rather of no moment at all, by whom it is effected. They can scarcely have a transitory question to make on the subject.*' I cannot blame the author for having indulged in so much self-regard as to make a distinct claim to the *whole* merit of his book; but, having once made it, a mind of greater expansion would have been perturbed no more.

But, exclusively of his ambition to possess the whole reputation of the *inte....on* or *principles*, of his book, the author of the Pursuits of Literature is supposed to set a high value on his own literary, and especially his own poetical talents. In a critic, to betray a sentiment of this nature were to be, in the last degree, unwise. A critic necessarily pretends to judgment; but, of talents, he should abandon the reputation to the winds. He should never discover himself to be the rival of those of whom he assumes to be the judge. I am satisfied however, that in the sentence in which this author is thought to claim the highest honours of English poesy, his meaning, which, perhaps, is not clearly expressed, is also not understood: 'I offer the poetry to those 'who are conversant with the *strength, sim-'plicity and dignity* of Dryden and Pope, 'and them alone.' Here the author might as easily, and, I think more justly, be supposed to intend, rather a criticism on contemporary poets, than a panegyric on himself. He would say, that he offers his poetry to those whose judgment is formed upon the strength, simplicity and dignity of Dryden and Pope, and is indifferent to, or even desirous of, the censure of those who, admiring the more flowery versifiers of the age, might disapprove it, simply because they had lost the relish for the beauties of a better school. It cannot be vanity in a poet to say, that he follows Dryden and Pope, *haud passibus æquis*; and this, the whole of this, and no more than this, appears to me to be said or implied by the author of the Pursuits of Literature.

I rejoice that, arrived at the bottom of my paper, I have the good fortune to conclude with some slight token of a disposi-

* *That funeral dirge, that strain which appeases the* minor shades.' Stat. Theb. L. VI. v. 123.

tion to defend my author, to whose faults I neither am, nor have affected to be blind. I shall send another letter, on the heels of this, in which I hope to do still more justice to a writer of great talents, and no less uprightness and liberality; and who, in some sort, has identified his cause with that of which he is the strong and zealous supporter.

METOICOS.

For the Port Folio.

[During the reign of the French Directory, it may be remembered that the English Ministers were sufficiently absurd to send Lord Malmesbury as a mendicant for peace *at the gates of Cannibal Castle.* The humiliating issue of that embassy is well known, and was followed up by Pitt's famous declaration. EDMUND BURKE, who most ardently wished that this state paper should be seconded by the sword, thus ardently expresses his just desire. It is confidently asserted, and it is generally believed, that the ancients have left us morsels of eloquence of so exquisite a character, that nothing in modern times is left but to admire and to despair. I am not yet persuaded that this is universally true. If I wished to give a mere English scholar a vivid idea of CICERO's best manner, I would call his attention to this fragment of Burke. I know nothing more copious, nothing more nervous, nothing more impassioned, nothing more beautiful in any of the Roman orations.]

" After such an elaborate display had been made of the injustice and insolence of an enemy, who seems to have been irritated by every one of the means which had been commonly used with effect to soothe the rage of imtemperate power, the natural result would be that *the scabbard in which we in vain attempted to plunge our sword should have been thrown away with scorn.* It would have been natural that, rising in the fulness of their might, insulted Majesty, despised Dignity, violated Justice, rejected Supplication, and Patience, goaded into fury, would have poured out all the length of the reins upon all the wrath which they had so long restrained. It might have been expected that, emulous of the glory of the archduke Charles, the youthful hero in alliance with him, touched by the example of what one man, well formed and well placed, may do in the most desperate state of affairs, convinced there is a courage of the cabinet* full as powerful, and far less vulgar than that of the field, our minister would have changed the whole line of that unprosperous prudence which hitherto had produced all the effects of the blindest temerity. If he found his situation full of danger, and I do not deny that it is perilous in the extreme, he must feel that it is also full of glory; and that he is placed on a stage, than which no muse of fire that had ascended the highest heaven of invention could imagine any thing more awful and august. It was hoped that in this swelling scene, in which he moved with some of the first potentates of Europe for his fellow actors, and with so many of the rest for the anxious spectators of a part, which, as he plays it, determines for ever their destiny and his own, like Ulysses in the unravelling point of the epic story, he would have thrown off his patience and his rags together; and, stripped of unworthy disguises, he would have stood forth in the form and in the attitude of a hero. On that day, it was thought he would have assumed the port of Mars; that he would bid to be brought forth from their hideous kennel, where his scrupulous tenderness had so long immured them, those impatient dogs of war, whose fierce regards affright even the Minister of Vengeance, who feeds them; that he would let them loose in famine, fever, plagues and death upon a guilty race, to whose frame, and to all whose habit, Order, Peace, Religion and Virtue are alien and abhorrent. It was expected that he would at last have thought of active and effectual war: that he would no longer *amuse the British Lion in the chase of Mice and Rats:* that he would no longer employ the whole

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* This is a great truth, expressed with all the powers of its admirable author. Would to God that the statesmen of America had always recognized it, and acted strenuously in its spirit. Perhaps, if this *politic* valour had been displayed, we should not have been depressed at home and disgraced abroad, we should not have disbanded the forces of Federalism, and, under a sordid, abject, and humiliating system, condemned ourselves to creep upon our bellies and eat the vile dust of Democracy.

naval power of Great Britain, once the terror of the world, to prey upon the *miserable remains of a peddling commerce*, which the enemy did not regard, and from which none could profit. It was expected that he would have re-asserted the justice of his cause, that he would have re-animated whatever remained to him of his allies, and endeavoured to recover those whom their fears had led astray; that he would have rekindled the martial ardour of his citizens; that he would have held out to them the example of their ancestry, the assertor of Europe, and the scourge of French ambition; that he would have reminded them of a posterity, which, if this *nefarious robbery, under the fraudulent name and false colour of a government*, should in full power be seated in the heart of Europe, must for ever be consigned to vice, impiety, barbarism and the most ignominious slavery of body and mind. In so holy a cause, it was presumed that he would, as in the beginning of the war he did, have opened all the temples; and with prayer, with fasting, with supplication, better directed than to the grim Moloch of regicide in France, have called upon us to raise that united cry, which has so often stormed heaven, and with a pious violence forced down blessings upon a repentant people. It was hoped that when he had invoked upon his endeavours the favourable regard of the Protector of the human race, it would be seen that his menaces to the enemy, and his prayers to the Almighty, were not followed, but accompanied, with corresponding action. It was hoped that his shrilling trumpet should be heard, not to announce a show, but to sound a charge."

For the Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

In a flaming article of the *Aurora*, *about and about* the Fourth of July, and the Declaration, and 'the Man,' which, thank God! have been topics very trite these three weeks, I find *this here* axiom: 'He who celebrates the day, must *evidence approbation* of its contents.' In the name of all that resembles common sense, what is the meaning of this detestable jargon?—Eternal thanks to *the man* that invented *Lillabullero!* and, oh, for the *wells of English undefiled!*

QUIDNUNC.

VARIETY.

Variety is charming,
Constancy is not for me;
So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

In the reign of Philip II, of France, a nobleman had spoken very freely of that monarch's intimacy with his wife. The unfortunate cornuto was put into prison for his rebellious murmurings. The following device was published by the wags of the time as a representation of the unhappy man's fate. A snail was pourtrayed in the act of retiring into his shell, and this motto was affixed to the print. Carcere cornua frænat. Into a prison he withdraws his horns.

Mr. Moore, in the following stanzas, has combined the frolic of a Bacchus and the tenderness of a lover:

ANACREONTIC.

I fill'd to thee, to thee I drank,
I nothing did but drink and fill;
The bowl by turns was bright and blank,
'Twas drinking, filling, drinking still!
At length, I bade an artist paint
Thy image in this ample cup,
That I might see the dimpled saint,
To whom I quaff'd my nectar up.
Behold how bright that purple lip
Is blushing through the wave at me,
Every roseate drop I sip
Is just like kissing wine from thee!
But, oh! I drink the more for this,
For, ever when the draught I drain,
Thy lip invites another kiss,
And in the nectar flows again.
So, here's to thee, my gentle dear!
And may that eye forever shine
Beneath as soft and sweet a tear
As bathes it in this bowl of mine.

Mr. F. Lathom, one of the novel-mongers of the day, has just manufactured a romance with the title of 'The Mysterious Freebooter; or the days of Queen Bess.' This will probably remind either the polite or the waggish reader of the Mysterious *Beef-eater* in Sheridan's Critic.

The following French verses in honour of a favourite beverage, which supports our spirits through many a reading hour, we shall be glad to see translated with spirit.

A MON CAFÉ.

Mon cher café, viens dans ma solitude,
Tous les matins m'apportez le bonheur;
Viens m'enivrez des charmes de l'étude;
Viens enflammer mon esprit et mon cœur!

Que la vapeur, pour mon Homère antique,
Soit un encens qui lui porte mes vœux,
Parfume bien sa tête poetique,
Et ce laurier qui croît sur ses cheveux!

Mon cher café, dans mon humble hermitage,
Que les beaux arts, les innocens loisirs,
La liberté, ce seul besoin du sage,
Que tes faveurs soient toujours mes plaisirs!

Mais je soupire, ô nectar redoutable,
De ton pouvoir est-ce un effet nouveau?
Ah! ce malin un enfant secourable,
Pour te chauffer me prêta son flambeau!

Je m'en souviens; il avait l'air timide,
Je l'évitais, il voulut m'éviter;
Dans la liqueur il mit un doigt perfide,
Qui, c'est L'AMOUR, je n'en saurais douter.

Il y mêla les langueurs, la constance,
Les longs desirs, tout ce qui fait aimer;
Il oublia d'y laisser l'espérance
J'aimerais seul; je ne veux point aimer.

Dibdin's favourite song of "Greenwich Moorings" has never been reprinted in this country. It is worth preserving. The imagery is such as might be expected from the fancy of the poet.

With timbers green from childhood's dock,
Buoy'd up with youthful notions,
My roving Fancy dar'd to mock
The raging storms of oceans,
Thus, braving fear, my mind became
Well sheath'd with emulation,
Tight rigg'd, on board the good ship Fame,
I took an early station.
Nor dreamt, when first I went to sea,
That, after hard endurings,
It would so hap that I should be
Laid up in Greenwich moorings.

From boy to man, from clime to clime,
In quest of glory roaming,
I weather'd oft and many a time
Rough gales and billows foaming,
Where light'nings dread, and thunders jar,
Where sever'd seas are rolling,
Where mermaids smile in liquid car
Mid tempests' hoarsest howling.
Still Hauser's heart was rigg'd with glee,
In spite of all endurings,
Nor harbour'd e'er a thought that he
Should lie in Greenwich moorings.

Whate'er I earn'd by sweat of brow
Was squander'd soon in folly,
Nor one reflection did bestow
Except on lovely Molly;
But tho' Love's compass still my heart
To Molly's charms directed,
I ne'er from duty would depart
Nor Britain's fame neglected.
When bit grew scant, I went to sea,
And left her fond assurings,
Nor thought my batter'd hulk should be
Laid up in Greenwich moorings.

I made my charming girl a vow
That, barring all miscarriage,
I'd take her, when return'd, in tow
And plough the seas of marriage.
But, sad reverse! poor Tom's no more
To faithless Poll enticing,
My starboard limb was shiver'd sore,
Beyond the power of splicing!
I found the fair-one's clouded brow
Obscur'd her late allurings—
Begone, she cried, you're fittest now
To lie in Greenwich moorings.

Then to our gracious king I'll drink;
And, here's the British navy!
Oh, may fell Faction quickly sink
Deep grappled by old Davy;
And here's to every gallant tar,
Brave soldier, and fair trader,
In peace if Britain's kind, in war
He'll check each bold invader.
With two limbs less than God gave me,
I smile at past endurings,
And booze my can of grog with glee,
Laid up in Greenwich moorings.

The arch Menage introduces somewhere the following anecdote. "Father H. told me one day that when Bourdeloue preached at Rouen every citizen shut up his shop, the merchants quitted the exchange, the lawyers their courts, and the physicians their patients, and gathered round this celebrated preacher. When I preached there, says Father H. the year following, I restored every thing to its proper order, neither the merchant quitted his business, nor the lawyer his court, &c."

A writer who professes himself to be a great admirer of the works of antiquity, exclaims, in a tone of triumph, 'Where do you meet with any modern buildings that have lasted so long as those of the ancients!'

Instead of the *Republic of Letters*, the fashionable phrase in France, out of compliment to Bonaparte, is, the *Monarchy of Letters*.

When Bajazet, after his defeat, was carried into the presence of Timur *Lench*, that is, Timur *the Lame*, vulgarly Tamerlane, that monarch burst into a laugh on perceiving that Bajazet had but one eye. The Turk, who could ill brook such rudeness, said fiercely, you may deride my misfortunes, Timur; but remember that they might have happened to you. The disposal of kingdoms is in the hands of God; and they depend on his will. Timur replied, with equal haughtiness, I agree with your observation, and I did not laugh at your misfortune, but at a reflection that just occurred to my mind, how little value thrones and sceptres possess in the judgment of God, who has taken a kingdom from a man with one eye, to give it to another with one leg.

In most operas, the songs are not burthened with much sentiment. The reader will think the following to be *levior cortice*, and yet he will scarcely refrain from smiling in the midst of his fastidiousness and contempt:

Well I am Dicky Snip,
A little smirking tailor,
A boy can cut and clip
As well as Ben the sailor,
But, take my meaning right,
He makes our foes grow civil,
While I—no—I can't fight,
But I'll cabbage like the devil.

Then don't I keep a girl
Who, when she's drest so shining
From all she bears the bell—
Oh, she's *my body lining*.
Then sure what velvet eyes,
And cheeks as plump as mutton,
And then the charmer cries,
I please her to a button.

My neighbour Stitch I hear
Would gave his all for Kitty,
And swears his end is near,
Unless she will have pity;
But, though he 's fix'd his mind,
'Tis all in vain to wheedle,
For this the dog will find,
I am her thread and needle.

Now to conclude my song,
I'll go and see my charmer,
And this I'll prove ere long
Its not in me to harm her,
And yet some women cry,
Whose tongues are pretty nimble,
My goose is cold—and I,
Lord! I'm not worth a thimble.

Mons. Chevreau, acquainted with M. de la Mothe de Vager, and with his writings, must have discovered his extraordinary love of the relations of voyages and of every information from foreign countries. This propensity he retained to the last moments of his life; and the last words which he uttered, to a friend who attended him on his death bed, were, 'Have you heard, my dear sir, any news from the Great Mogul?'

Verses to be written over the door of a prime minister:

Cæsaris ad valvas sedeo, sto nocte dieque,
Nec datur ingressus quî mea facta loquar.
Ite deæ faciles, et, nostro nomine, saltem
Dicite divini Cæsaris ante pedes,
Si ne quid placidas afflari Cæsaris aures
Saltem aliquis veniat, qui mihi dicat, abi.

IMITATED.

Sitting, or standing at great Cæsar's gate,
Must I all day and night unheeded wait;
Go, gentle Muse, and at great Cæsar's feet,
His Highness with my humble message greet;
If Cæsar will not hear what I would say,
Bid him, in mercy, drive his slave away.

The above epigram was made by Mons. Pithou, on a story told of a person, who being refused a request by John of Portugal, surnamed the Magnanimous, thanked the king for his answer. 'Why thank me?' exclaimed the prince. 'I return you thanks,' replied the petitioner, 'for your goodness in sparing me the little money which I have left, and which I must have spent, if I had remained any longer at your court.' Struck with this ingenious answer, the king granted his petition.

In the Limerick paper, an Irish gentleman, whose lady had absconded from him, thus cautions the public against trusting her:—My *wife* has eloped from me without *rhyme or reason*, and I desire no one will trust her on my account, *for I am not married to her.*

Dionysius, the sophist, addressing his audience on the virtues of moderation in the pursuit of pleasure, used to say that a person should taste honey only on the tip of his finger.

The following verses are quite sufficient to vindicate Mr. Moore's pretensions to genius. He is addressing a very young lady, who is supposed to have expressed her regret that she was not profoundly skilled in science and literature:

Never mind how the pedagogue proses,
You want not antiquity's stamp;
The lip, that's so scented with roses,
Oh! never must smell of the lamp.

Old Cloe, whose withering kisses
Have long set the loves at defiance,
Now, done with the science of blisses,
May fly to the blisses of science.

Young Sappho, for want of employment,
Alone o'er her Ovid may melt,
Condemn'd but to read of enjoyment,
Which wiser Corinna had felt.

But for *you* to be buried in books,
Oh, Fanny! they 're pitiful sages,
Who could not in *one* of your looks
Read more than in *millions of pages!*

Astronomy finds in your eye
Better lights than she studies above,
And music must borrow your sigh,
As the melody dearest to love.

In ethics—'tis you that can check
In a minute their doubts and their quarrels,
Oh! shew but that mole on your neck,
And 'twill soon put an end to their morals.

Your Arithmetic only can trip
When to kiss and to count you endeavour,
But eloquence glows on your lip
When you swear that you'll love me for ever.

Thus you see what a brilliant alliance
Of arts is assembled in you,
A course of more exquisite science
Man never need wish to go through.

And oh! if a fellow like me
May confer a diploma of hearts,
With my lip thus I seal your degree,
My divine little Mistress of Arts!

Pyrrho, the head of the sect called after his name, asserted that there was no difference between life and death. Some person, in ridicule of this absurd position, asked Pyrrho why he did not die, as life and death were the same, 'For that very reason,' replied he, 'because there is no difference between the two states.'

Lord Chesterfield very prettily says, 'Good manners are the settled medium of social, as *specie* is of commercial, life; and people will no more advance their civility to a bear than their money to a bankrupt.'

THE BOOTEES—A NEW SONG.

BY MISS KITTY CROTCHET.

To be said or sung to the tune of "Dorothy Dump," or any other tune the reader pleases.

Of all the gay beaux,
That sport their smart cloathes,
There's none that my fancy can please,
With their *Spencers* or *Crops*,
Or woolly *Foretops*,
Like *Bob* with his *Tippy Bootees.*

Inexpressibles tight,
Some fancies delight,
With bunches of tape at their knees,
Yet all must confess,
Though snug is the dress,
It yields to *Bob's Tippy Bootees.*

The *Blue Pantaloons*,
As they march in platoons,
Each lady's attention quick seize;
But I let them pass by,
And turn round my eye,
For *Bob* with his *Tippy Bootees.*

View little Jack Sprat,
With his head from cravat
Peeping out like a mouse from a cheese;
With shoes on his toes
And a handful of bows,
Then look at *Bob's Tippy Bootees.*

Then there's Sir Thomas Tape,
With a coat and a cape,
Like blankets of wild *Cherokees*,
Whether quiet or moving,
He looks like a sloven,
Near *Bob* with his *Tippy Bootees.*

With such a dear lad
I ne'er could be sad,
Should we wander o'er mountains or seas,
And happen what might,
I'd still find delight,
In my *Bob* with his *Tippy Bootees.*

A GALLANT PASSPORT.

Lambert, an excellent musician, was very much pressed by a lady of uncommon beauty to teach her to sing. Lambert for a long time resisted her importunities, till being very strongly and repeatedly urged, he declared that his apprehensions of falling in love with the lady were the only cause of his denial. Counsellor L. who was present at the confession, drew up immediately, in the lady's name, a free passport for Lambert to the lady's presence. 'We the divine and resistless Miss ———, grant permission to M. Lambert at all times to enter our mansion in perfect safety, and do prohibit our charms, graces and attractions to make any attack whatever on the freedom of the aforesaid M. Lambert,' &c.

The spirit in which the following stanzas are conceived, is worthy of the author, who could not bid adieu to the friends to whom he alludes with more sorrow than they felt at parting with such a scholar and such a companion:

IMPROMPTU, BY T. MOORE, ESQ. UPON LEAVING SOME FRIENDS.

O dulces comitum valete cœtus!--CATULLUS.

No, never shall my soul forget
The friends I found so cordial hearted,
Dear shall be the day we met,
And dear shall be the night we parted.

Oh! if regrets, however sweet,
Must with the lapse of time decay,
Yet still, when thus in mirth you meet,
Fill high to him that's far away.

Long be the flame of memory found
Alive within your social glass,
Let that be still the magic round
O'er which oblivion dares not pass.

When the lady of colonel Thornton, a year or two since, rode her own horse in a race on which much betting was made, some wag published the following song, which is evidently levelled at her.

THE DASH, OR WHO BUT SHE.

Don't you know me? Jenny Dash,
Every where the go and flash?
Every sportsman's known to me,
Every jockey cries, "that's she!"
Nowhere but my fame is up
Since I won the silver cup!
I'm up to each rig,
Trot a poney, drive a gig,
Or dashingly can whip four in hand;
On a colt of Eclipse,
I glory in high leaps,
At a five bar gate ne'er shilly shally stand:
Each huntsman of the field
To my horsemanship must yield,
When I fly o'er the dew
With the game in my view,
And the dogs are all cheer'd by the sound
of my voice,
Then on, on,
Dash along!
Over mountains of snow,
Or the levels below,
If the weather be foul,
Or the weather be fair,
If the wind blow here,
Or the wind blow there;
O'er high ruts
Or low ruts
Or no ruts
Yoix!
This, this is the life of my choice.

Would you more about me know,
I can handle the cross-bow;
Drive the mail the whole night long,
Give a sentiment or song,
Take my bottle fairly down,
And drink myself into renown!
With my dogs I walk out,
Scour the country about,
And all flying game I bring down;
Drive my tandem in style,
But a minute to a mile,
And on New-market turf my fame's known:
As I prance o'er the course
Full of spirit my horse,
All the knowing ones cry
"That's the girl of my eye,"
And all flock in crowds to the sound of my
voice,
Then done, done,
Done, and done,
Are the cries that resound
When I start for the ground,
Like an arrow I fly,
All my rivals dart by,
As the goal I draw near
Not a sentence you hear,
But she wins,
Now she beats,
Now she's home,
Hurra!
This, this is the life of my choice!

The following epistle was written on the same occasion:—

Oh now! forsooth! when ladies race,
And vie with men in every manly grace,
Could but our grandmothers on earth arise,
How would such sights offend their wondering eyes,
They who commandments ten, in cross stitch wrought,
And pure morality on samplers taught,
Who never rode but on some festive day,
Then, behind John, upon a long tail'd grey:
Strapp'd to a modest pillion's sober side,
My good aunt Deborah came out a bride,
She a long-waisted Joseph proudly wore,
And on her head an ample bonnet bore;
What would she say to see the modest maid
With jockey sleeves and velvet cap array'd,
Dashing thro' thick and thin, to gain the post,
And swearing, when she finds her wishes cross'd.

OLIVIA OLDSTOCK.

Old-street, Jan. 29, Old-style.

I am much pleased, says Mons. Menage with an expression of Seneca on the subject of plagiarism. Soleo enim et in aliena castra transire, non tamquam transfuga, sed tanquam explorator. I ever pass over into the enemy's camp, not as a deserter, but as a spy.

In Mr. Moore's miscellaneous poems we find the following imitation of MARTIAL. To those who, acquainted with no language but their own, are studious of acquiring a vivid idea of the pointed style of the ancients, we recommend the following.

TO CLOE,

IMITATED FROM MARTIAL.

I could resign that eye of blue,
  Howe'er it burn, howe'er it thrill me;
And, though your lip be rich with dew,
  To lose it, Cloe, scarce would kill me.

That snowy neck I ne'er should miss,
  However warm I've twin'd about it;
And though your bosom beat with bliss,
  I think my soul could live without it.

In short, I've learn'd so well to fast,
  That, sooth, my love, I know not whether
I might not bring myself, at last,
  To—do without you altogether.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"The spirit of Alice" is extremely restless, possibly in consequence of the neglect of her *canonical* lover. She is certainly related to the ghost of the seduced country maid in the opera, and *Parson Biggs* won't bury her, although she's *dead* Miss Bailey.

The lines of Horace apply exactly to our literary friend C.

Est animus tibi, sunt mores et lingua fidesque,
Sed quadringentis sex septem millia desunt
Plebs eris.—

Or, as it is most happily and forcibly expressed by POPE,

C—n in spirit, sense, and truth abounds,
Pray then what wants he?—*Fourscore thousand pounds!*

The pathetic verses to a Parent, and the sonnet to the Sea-bird, in our 27th number, the ode to the Procellarius Pelagicus and the Sonnets to Disappointment in the 28th, are honourable to the Genius, Sensibility and Spirit of the author.

Our new correspondent Y. is determined to strike his head against the stars. His motto may be found in the following passage from the Anti-Jacobin:

On grey goose quills sublime I'll soar
To metaphors unreach'd before,
  That scare the vulgar reader;
With style well form'd from Burke's best books,
From rules of grammar, e'en Horne Tooke's,
  A bold and free seceder.

A gentleman, whom we are studious to assist in any of his literary researches, has lately proposed a few queries, of which our solution is so meagre and unsatisfactory that we publish it merely to provoke the investigation of some abler enquirer:—

It is doubted whether the phrase, 'Fiat Justitia, ruat Cælum,' is an *original* one in any of the Roman classics. Possibly, Cicero may employ it in some of those orations, *which are scarcely ever inspected in this country.* But it is conjectured that the words in question are either a translation from some Greek apothegm, or that they may be found in the language of the civil law.

The two odes of Horace, said to be recently discovered at Rome, which are alluded to in one of Cowper's letters, we have seen somewhere, but cannot possibly recal to recollection the place. The impression made on the mind by their perusal was weak, and Scepticism still hovered over the page, doubting its authenticity.

The origin of a verse, which is in every body's mouth,

Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis,

appears to be involved in obscurity. In the course of our very limited reading, we have never seen it on any Roman page. To our ears, if it do not absolutely jangle like a monkish chime, it sounds no clearer than that of the *middle* latinity. A learned friend, whose taste is exquisite, and whose memory is seldom a truant, referred us to OVID's Fasti. We flew to the volume, alike eager in the search and delighted with the fertility and beauty of Roman genius, even when shackled by the limits of a calendar. But the passage we found was of a different sense, and incomparably better expression:

Tempora labuntur; tacitisque senescimus annis,
Et fugiunt, fræno non remorante, dies.

We are not deceived by the specious form of *Doll Democracy.* She may seem *well enough* while the masque is on,
But soon the visor drops—her haggard face
Betrays the Fury, lurking in the Grace.

Our literary friend S. has so liberally supplied us with the novelties of literature, that we have but seldom occasion to repair to the shop of *Trypho.* The Editor can say of his friend, what Prospero gratefully acknowledges of the noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo:

So, of his gentleness,
Knowing *I lov'd my books,* he furnish'd me
From *his own library* with volumes, that
I PRIZE ABOVE A DUKEDOM.

"Eboracensis" is a welcome correspondent.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Enclosed are the first effusions of a youthful Bard; by giving them a place in your useful paper, should they be deemed worthy, you will confer an obligation on

A CONSTANT READER.

EMILIA's COMPLAINT.

Fast by a murmuring brook, where soft she lay,
While feather'd songsters chirp'd from spray to spray,
Emilia thus, in accent soft and mild,
Bewail'd her lot, Misfortune's roving child:
Tell me, sweet Echo, didst thou hear
Eugenio's voice, when thus he said,
" Emilia, heaven-born maid, come near,
" Confide, my love, be not afraid;
" In heaven my vows recorded are,
" No sordid lust, no earthly care,
" Shall rend affection's cord.
" Luna shall sooner cease to move,
" Or fixed stars begin to rove,
" Than I infringe my word."
But now, alas the change! how false he's prov'd,
Far from his promise, and his love remov'd;
No longer now Emilia's name I hear,
No sighs of constancy assail my ear;
But sorrow now has blasted all those scenes,
And nought, but Emma's shame, of all remains.—

H. T.

A TRANSLATION

OF HOMER'S CELEBRATED SIMILE, AT THE CLOSE OF THE EIGHTH BOOK.

As when refulgent stars, around the moon,
Spread azure light thro' heaven's etherial dome;
When sacred nature with sweet sleep is bless'd
And not a breath disturbs its silent rest;
When lofty towers their highest summits rear,
And hills, and lawns, and woodland views appear;
When spangled heaven, with all the stars are seen,
The shepherds glad, behold the glorious scene;
So many flames before proud Ilium burn'd,
While Xanthus deep the glitt'ring sight return'd:
A thousand fires now blaz'd upon the plat,
And near each fire full fifty warriors sat,
The foaming steeds, with haste, devour their corn;
Champing their bits, they wait returning morn.

H. T.

For the Port Folio.

I no man call or ape or ass,
'Tis his own conscience holds the glass.

GAY.

The daws had strutted too long, it was more than time to strip them of their adventitious plumage. GIFFORD.

THE JACK DAW AND MOCKING BIRD.

A FABLE.

A gentle swain, of talents rare,
Who made the feather'd tribe his care,
And oft the lingering hour beguil'd,
Delighted with their ' wood notes wild,'
Had form'd around his cot a scene,
Where streams, and rocks, and valleys green,
And shadowy groves their charms combin'd,
To soothe and captivate the mind;
And, loitering there, the tuneful throng
In concert pour'd the harmonious song.
The robin whistled soft his lay,
The thrush melodious pip'd away,
And raptur'd echo through the grove
Bore the sweet murmurs of the dove.
But vain it were for me to name
The various birds that hither came,
And, joining in the minstrel lay,
' Discoursed sweet music' from each tree.
What pity, that from songs like these,
So form'd a critic's ear to please,
No means were found that might exclude
Each note of cadence harsh and rude.
A dapper Jack-Daw, pert and vain,
Whose voice was of the roughest strain,
From Europe's shore had wing'd his flight,
By hunger driv'n, and in sad plight,
His feathers tore and dirty, stood
Close by a *riv'let* in the wood;
And, list'ning to the tuneful choir,
Which might a savage breast inspire
With love of harmony and song,
Thus tried his rude and clam'rous tongue:
Caw! caw! caw! caw!—each songster nigh,
That heard the harsh and jarring cry,
Of sounds so horrid, fill'd with dread,
To thickets deep affrighted fled,
Resolving ne'er to chaunt a lay,
While Jack-Daw in the grove should stay.
A Mock Bird perch'd beside a brook,
Who had his native woods forsook,
And wish'd each sweet melodious tone
To imitate—for of his own
He had no song—with anger heard
Th' intrusive and discordant bird;
And thinking how to drive away
The daw, exclaim'd, he shall not stay
If he have ears—I'll mock *his* note,
Like chesnut-bur, within my throat;
Then loud he cried, *caw! caw! caw! caw!*
And, as he wish'd, the silly daw,

By far more bless'd with ears than brain,
Unable to support the strain,
Swift fled, and left to those the grove,
Whom nature and the Mock-Bird love.
The swain, who at his ease was laid
Beneath a spreading beech-tree's shade,
Amus'd to see the Jack Daw's flight,
Which fill'd each songster with delight,
Cried—go, thou silliest of fowls,
Go, caw to *crickets*, *bats*, and *owls*.

QUEVEDO.

VERSIFIED FROM THE CROMA OF OSSIAN.

Oh happy he who falls in youth!
For long his much lamented grave
The pearly tear of virgin truth
And friendship's streaming grief shall lave!

The song for him the bard shall raise,
And future years his fame shall know;
The hero's bosom, at his praise,
Shall swelling for the battle glow.—

But, hapless he, in age who dies;
Like winter's snows he melts away;
For him no virgin bosom sighs,
No tears of friendship steep his clay.

Even while he lives, his name's forgot,
His grave scarce clos'd before unknown;
No wandering warrior marks the spot,
Nor sons impose the sculptur'd stone.

TO DELIA,

ON THE DEATH OF HER MOTHER.

Great is thy loss, dejected fair!
Yet, why too weak to brave its weight?
It profits nothing to despair
Beneath the stern decree of fate!

Thou weepest in a moving cause;
But, are not vain thy falling tears?
Or can a sigh thy bosom draws
Awake thy mould'ring mother's ears?

Her brittle frame of spotless clay
Has paid the debt from mortals due;
And her pure soul has gone the way
Which ours ere long must all pursue.

While on thy health despondence preys,
And thy employ is venting sighs,
Your happy mother joins to raise
The sacred praises of the skies.

Why wilt thou then her loss deplore,
Since with the glowing choir she shares
The raptures of that blissful shore,
Far from this world and all its cares.

When once by wasting grief betray'd,
Nought can control the arm of fate;
Then cease thy sorrow lovely maid,
Oh, cease, before it be too late!

Full soon thy spring of life will dry;
Thy pulse full soon forbear to beat;
And thy exulting spirit fly,
Thy mother's cherub soul to meet.

Then cease the fatal hour to haste!
That thus thy pious mother's worth
May, in thy virtue, be replac'd,
To gladden and to bless the earth.

JULIUS.

TO THE SAME.

The tender plant which virtue rears
A lovely blossom bears,
That triumphs o'er the frost of years
And life's corroding cares:

Sweet little rosy flow'ret fair,
Be this thy earthly doom;
Till, foster'd by celestial air,
Thou shalt forever bloom!

JULIUS.

EPIGRAMS.

'Tis strange, Prudilla, you accuse
Of too much warmth my wanton muse,
When you read on with all your might,
And practice what I only write!

MANNERS MAKE THE MAN.

This splendid dress was made for me,
Cries Sugarplum, the saucy cit;
Observers answer, that may be;
But you were never made for it.

On some Young Ladies dancing to a bad Fiddler.

Alas! that such cherubs in face and in shape
Should bring a man into so shocking a *scrape*.

On Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough.

In spite of quirk, quibble, writ of error or flaw,
Since Law is made justice, seek justice from law.

While thus a few kisses I steal,
Dear Chloris you gravely complain;
If resentment you really do feel,
Pray give me my kisses again.

Says Doll, tho' female merit 's scant,
Yet is the palm of beauty ours—
True, answers John, the frailest plant
Bears commonly the fairest flowers.

The Price of the Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Printed and published (for the Editor) by John Watts, N. E. Corner of Second in Dock Street, Philadelphia, where former Volumes may be had.